BANGOR DAILY WHIG AND COURIER.

BY BOUTELLE & BURR. BANGOR, ME., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1875. VOLUME XLII—NUMBER 65.

BANGOR

Daily Whig and Courier.

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C. A. BOUTELLE. EDWIN C. BURR.

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THE BANGOR WEEKLY COURIER

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The Champoo Bath,

Is one of the greatest luxuries of the age. Price 50 cents. All the Bath Rooms,

31 Central Street,

Also, Hot and Cold Water and Vapor Baths.

WM. M. ROBINSON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

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HOULTON, MAINE.

ENGINES & BOILERS.

Stationary and Portable.

Saw and Grist Mills, from 2 to 200 horse power, also Steam Pumps, Belting, Hose, Machine Oil, etc., etc. Illustrated Price List sent free. Address

WINCHESTER & HIGHT'S

Machinery Depot,

73 and 75 Dorr St. Avenue, BOSTON.

FILES.....FILES.

NOW IS THE TIME

To clean up and get ready for business. I have on hand

1000 Dozen Files

And am selling off the same at prices which will sell them all off in a short time.

The Lowest Prices,

and will warrant them equal to any imported files. Call and see them.

Old Files Re-Cut, as usual.

JOB COLLETT, - - - Exchange St.

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Practical Slaters and Contractors.

Making Slate Roofing and repairing on the shortest notice. No. 10 Hancock St., Bangor, Me.

MARINE INSURANCE.

BOSTON MARINE INSURANCE CO.,

11 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

Cash Capital, $300,000.

No Fire Risks Written.

R. H. FULLER, President.

HENRY ASHBURN, Secretary.

TAGS DENNISON'S Patent Tags FOR SALE at this OFFICE. Will print them at very low figure.

Bangor, July 23, 1873.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT

IN

STEAM BOILERS,

SULLIVAN'S

PATENT RETURN TUBULAR BOILER.

Patented in the United States April 14, 1874, and in Canada Nov. 17, 1874.

The Latest Improved, Most Economical, Cheapest, Safest and Best Boiler now made.

Saves 1-3 in fuel. Is of its great saving and efficiency where it is used, with Price Lists and all other information furnished by the Inventor and Manufacturer,

DANIEL SULLIVAN,

BANGOR, MAINE.

Those wanting Steam Boilers will be well paid to address as above. Old Boilers taken in exchange or part payment for new. Second hand Boilers of all kinds constantly on hand and for sale cheap. Also manufacturer of all kinds of heavy sheet-iron work. Ship Tanks made to order. Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.

WISTAR'S BALSAM WILD CHERRY

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Liver Complaint, Pains or Soreness in the Chest or Side, Bleeding at the Lungs, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most remedies, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

Consumption Can Be Cured

by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials it has received.

None genuine unless signed "I. BUTTS" on the wrapper.

50 cts. and $1 a bottle; large bottles much the cheaper.

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Sold by dealers generally.

Caution.

This is to caution all persons from harboring or trusting my wife, Harriet McKay, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

DENJAMIN MCKAY.

Blacksport, March 8, 1875.

NEW STEAM BAKERY!

I have just completed improvements in my Bakery No. 10 Pickering Square, and at very large expense have provided NEW ovens of the most improved manufacture, and can assure my customers that my facilities for making BEST CRACKERS, also Bread and Pastry, cannot be surpassed.

B. R. FILES,

No. 10 Pickering Square, Bangor, Maine.

Bangor, Feb. 24, 1875. eod 2w

IRON IN THE BLOOD.

The Peruvian Syrup Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood, Throws up the System, builds up the broken-down, cures Dyspepsia, Debility, Dropsy, Chills and Fevers, Chronic Diarrhœa, Nervous Affections, Boils, Humors, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, &c.

Thousands have been benefited by the use of this remedy from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, happy men and women, and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.

Caution—Be sure you get the "PERUVIAN SYRUP" (not Peruvian Bark). Sold by dealers generally.

A 32-page pamphlet, containing a treatise on Iron as a medical agent and other valuable papers, testimonials from distinguished physicians, clergymen and others, will be sent free to any address. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, 30 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

Sufferers, Rejoice!

CORNS REMOVED WITHOUT PAIN,

By FRANK STETSON, Head of Park St.

N. B. No chemical applications used. Ladies and gentlemen promptly attended to at their places of residence.

PAPER HANGINGS

WILSON & FENMORE,

MANUFACTURERS,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Samples Furnished.

WIGGIN & CHAMPLIN,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS,

WEST MARKET SQUARE,

BANGOR, MAINE.

Home Insurance Company,

OF NEW YORK,

Office, No. 135 Broadway.

Forty-third Semi-annual Statement,

Showing the condition of the Company on the first day of January, 1875.

Cash Capital, $2,500,000.00

SUMMARY OF ASSETS

Cash in Banks	$107,921.81
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on real estate, worth $3,650,000	2,025,853.13
United States Stocks (market value)	2,412,975.00
Bills Receivable	207,411.50
State Bonds	30,600.00
Loan on Stocks, payable on demand (market value of securities, $413,000)	275,000.00
Interest due on 1st January, 1875	75,127.00
Balance in hands of Agents	182,021.79
Bills receivable, and salvages	19,924.61
Premiums in course of collection on policies issued at this office	15,003.64
Total	$5,527,443.23

LIABILITIES

Claims for losses outstanding on 1st January, 1875	$207,531.42
Dividends unpaid	12,000.00
Re-insurance reserve	1,911,275.78
Total	$2,210,807.20
Surplus to policy holders	$3,316,635.93
Surplus to stockholders	$3,816,635.93

WIGGIN & CHAMPLIN, Agents, BANGOR.

SPRINGFIELD

Fire & Marine Insurance Company,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Statement, January 1, 1875.

Cash Capital	$500,000.00
Total Assets	1,200,141.92

ASSETS

Cash in Banks	$91,128.21
Cash in hands of Agents	41,624.47
Loans on Real Estate	315,245.27
Loans secured by Gov't & R. R. Bonds and Bank Stocks	113,215.71
Bank Stocks	73,015.00
Railroad Stocks	37,948.00
Railroad Bonds	21,140.00
Loan on City of Springfield, Mass.	10,500.00
City of Springfield Water Bonds	10,000.00
U. S. 6's of 1881	300,000.00
Assented Interest and other Bonds	24,494.50
Total	$1,240,141.92

LIABILITIES

Outstanding Losses	$19,250.19
Re-insurance	871,891.73
Other Liabilities	8,250.00
Total	$899,391.92
Surplus to policy holders	$340,750.00
Surplus to stockholders	$840,750.00

WIGGIN & CHAMPLIN, Agents, BANGOR.

STATEMENT OF THE

Merchants Insurance Company,

IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Dec. 31, 1874.

Capital, $200,000 Organized, 1851

ASSETS

Cash on hand and in Bank	$75,18.55
Premiums in hands of Agents (net)	12,065.16
Investments at Market value	2,081.40
Interest to much	2,097.[illegible]
	$[illegible]
Outstanding losses	$13,270.40
Amount required to safely reinsure all outstanding risks, 50 p. c.	50,[illegible]
Total	$[illegible]
Surplus to policy holders	$[illegible]
Surplus to stockholders	$[illegible]

WIGGIN & CHAMPLIN, Agents, BANGOR.

Hanover Fire Insurance Company,

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Forty-fifth Semi-Annual Statement,

January 1, 1875.

Cash Capital, $400,000.00

ASSETS

Cash in Banks and Office	$127,316.62
United States 6 per cent. Bonds	91,187.50
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on improved Real Estate in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn	331,000.00
Loans on call, (market value of securities, $[illegible])	85,750.00
State, City and County Bonds	161,250.00
Bank Stocks	41,700.00
Balance in hands of Agents, and in course of transmission	100,000.00
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Mortgages and Call Loans	4,767.01
Real Estate	12,161.12
Total	$1,427,931.82

LIABILITIES

Re-insurance Fund	$604,073.57
Outstanding Liabilities	13,958.64
Total	$618,032.21
Surplus to policy holders	$809,899.61
Surplus to stockholders	$809,899.61

WIGGIN & CHAMPLIN, Agents, BANGOR.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. In Bankruptcy. In the matter of FRANK S. and FRED H. PROSCOTT, Bankrupts.

District of Maine, ss. At Bangor, the first day of March, A. D. 1875. The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of the joint and separate estates of Frank S. and Fred H. Proscott, of Bangor, in the County of Penobscot and State of Maine, within said District, who have been adjudged Bankrupts upon their own petition to the District Court of said District, filed Jan. 21, 1875.

N. P. H. APPLETON, Assignee.

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In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. In the matter of CHARLES AND HENRY B. CUTTER, Bankrupts, In Bankruptcy.

A second and third general meeting of the creditors of said Bankrupts will be held at Bankruptcy Court Room in Bangor, in said District, on the 5th day of April, A. D. 1875, at 3 o'clock P. M., before Chas. Hamlin, Esq., one of the Registers in Bankruptcy in said District, for the purposes named in the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth sections of the Bankrupt Act of March 2, 1867.

F. L. APPLETON, Assignee of Chas. and Henry B. Cutter.

feb23 1 eTuSw

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Liver Complaint, Pains or Soreness in the Chest or Side, Bleeding at the Lungs, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most remedies, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

Consumption Can Be Cured

by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials it has received.

None genuine unless signed "I. BUTTS" on the wrapper.

50 cts. and $1 a bottle; large bottles much the cheaper.

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Sold by dealers generally.

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State of Maine.

Penobscot, ss. Term, 1875.

Caroline B. Foster, Executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Cory, late of Orono, in said County, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

Ordered, That notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published successively in the Bangor Whig and Courier, a newspaper published in Bangor, in said County, that they may appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Bangor on the last Tuesday next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

A true copy—Attest: ANDREW C. FINN, Register.

Administrator's Sale.

By virtue of a license from the Honorable John A. Godfrey, Judge of the Court of Probate for the county of Penobscot, granted at the October Term, 1874, of said Court, I shall sell at public sale on the premises hereinafter, of the late homestead of John Scollard, in Exeter, in said county, on FRIDAY, the ninth day of April next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the following real estate, of said deceased, viz: The Farm lately occupied by said deceased.

The late Homestead of said deceased, situate in said Exeter; also the Tuller Lot, so called, and all of the real estate of said deceased.

JAMES SCOLLARD, Administrator.

Corinna, March 6, 1875.

WANTED

(FOR BREAKFAST)

101 Parlor Suits, 202 Sofas and Lounges, 303 Chairs, Mattresses, &c.

The present low prices of CARPETS, UPHOLSTERY GOODS and Mattresses will "do good this coming" to repay us. Call on

HENRY S. BROWN,

aug12 3taw13 State Street.

GILES'

LINIMENT IODIDE OF AMMONIA.

A MESSAGE TO THE SUFFERING.

When a remedy is productive of such relief as to excel all other remedies in its curative results, it is a duty to make it known as generally as possible. This consideration has actuated the proprietor, Wm. M. Giles, to bring before the public his LINIMENT IODIDE AMMONIA.

This remarkable remedy is one of the most important ever discovered for the many forms, it cures Neuralgia, Gout, Frosted Feet, Lumbago, Bruises and Burns, in which the effects of cure are almost marvelous, and have in fact been found to be the most unfailing approval.

The LIMENT IODIDE has had the most unmistakable success in the cure of Spinal Diseases, Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Ear Ache, Toothache, Sore Nipples, Felons, Boils, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Sore Breast, Sore Lungs, Sore Chest, Sore Back, Sore Limbs, Sore Joints, Sore Muscles, Sore Bones, Sore Flesh, Sore Wounds, Sore Sores, Sore Anything, Sore Everything, Sore Nothing, Sore Sore, Sore Sore, Sore Sore

Whig and Courier.

BOUTELLE & BURR, PROPRIETORS.

C. A. BOUTELLE, Editor.

All business letters should be addressed to Boutelle & Burr, and communications intended for publication should be addressed to "Editor of Whig and Courier."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1875.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR MAYOR:

THOMAS G. STICKNEY.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

For the first time in the present, we feel authorized to place the name of a candidate at the head of our columns. The withdrawal of Mr. Stickney from a position of open hostility to the Republican party, his submission to the free choice of a Republican caucus, and his nomination by a very large majority of voters agreeing to abide in good faith by the result, enable us to present his name under the only circumstances in which a Republican journal can properly endorse any candidate as the representative of the party interests. While recognizing the importance of, and giving due attention to, other than political matters, in politics we have no affiliations beyond the Republican party, in whose principles we glory, and to whose success we are sincerely devoted. Thomas G. Stickney is now the candidate of the Republican party of Bangor for the office of Mayor, and as such we shall support him in these columns as we hope that all good Republicans will support him at the polls. With a united party we can sweep the enemy from the field, and we should now move forward with one purpose to make our triumph sure.

We are very glad to should be the full vindication of our confidence that the proceedings of last evening would be so conducted as to afford neither comfort nor amusement for our political opponents. The harmony which prevailed in the caucus was a bitter disappointment to the Bourbon leaders, who have been hoping against hope that they might still create division in the ranks whose rallying banner of colors they recognize as the inevitable precursor of Democratic defeat. They are intensely anxious to claim the election of a Democratic Mayor for the first time in the history of Bangor, and they know that such a result is impossible if the Republicans act in harmony. Hence the devotion great deal more attention to the affairs of our party than to their own, relying on their cunning and unscrupulousness, but seeking to stir up strife at some point in our invincible line. It is an old trick of the enemy, and it has seldom succeeded. Whenever it has not with even partial success, not only Republicans but the whole community have had cause for regret; and in the present case it would be worse than folly to be wheedled or badgered by our enemies into a long third ballot.

The Democratic organ in this city does not scruple to simulate friendliness for a cause of which itself and its party have always been the uncompromising foes, and to assume the attitude of "guide, philosopher and friend" towards those for whose principles it entertains supreme contempt, and against the advancement of whose objects it would invoke the whole strength of its party organization. The object of this is simple to mislead those who might be beyond the reach of such transparent humbug, and, while putting temperance men on the shoulder to push forward the cause of rum and That kind of tactic may succeed with the rolling material of its own party, but the intelligent Republicans of Bangor will not be caught or blinded by such chaff. The Bangor *Commercial* is working solely for the election of Laughton as Mayor in order to proclaim a triumph for the old, rebel-sympathizing, Democratic, and prohibition Democratic party. In this contest, as in every other since the *Democrat* began to infect our public atmosphere, the cause of that wicked and malignant party is a curse to honest and substantial interests. It will howl with rage for the next two days over the restoration of Republican harmony, and the petting of a solid Republican vote next Friday will be the seal upon its discomfiture.

There is but two days for work before the election, and no effort should be spared in arranging to bring out the full Republican strength. It would be regarded throughout the country as a misfortune of no small kind if Republican city as Bangor should be permitted to fall into the hands of the enemy, and this we can easily prevent by taking hold heartily together in support of the candidate of our party. Let every Republican determine upon victory, and give his best exertions to render it doubly sure.

Republican Voters.

The Democrats are making strenuous exertions to increase their vote next Friday by adding names to the lists and bringing home absent voters. Every Republican should use his influence in making sure that all his neighbors have their names properly entered, and that proper measures are taken to secure the attendance at the polls of all Republican voters now temporarily absent from the city.

Mr. Marcellus Emery is developing great deal of solicitude just now to the editor of this paper, and is prematurely congratulating himself upon our demise. If he will send any respectable person to our office we shall be happy to afford assurance that we are still in condition to attend to the case of the conductor of the rebel organ, whenever the public interests shall require of us the offensive duty of spanking him. Any severer treatment of such a pitiable character would be regarded as cowardly, and it was doubtless this consideration which saved him from ornamenting a lamppost at an early period of the year.

We are aware that the editor of the *Commercial* considers lying as one of his accomplishments, and that he has long since ceased to expect the public to place any confidence in his statements. But we would suggest that in the "Sunny South," the praises of which he so constantly sings, the trick of falsely attributing to a person by quotation marks, language which that person never used, would be likely to subject the perpetrator of the fraud to that slight unpleasantness of having his nose pulled in public, or his ears pinned to the doorposts of his office! As it is, we are quite satisfied to leave that unsavory individual in the moral pillory which he has occupied for so many years in this community.

A DAD FAILURE.—The failure of the C. P. Kimball Company, of Portland and Boston, proves to be very disastrous, the assets bearing a remarkably small proportion to the liabilities. It is reported that the indebtedness of the company, of Portland, is $65,000; and assets $17,000, of which $4,000 must be allowed for shrinkage. Also that the Boston firm's liabilities are $70,000; assets, $20,000; shrinkage, $4,000; total debts $135,000, with assets $20,000. This does not include Mr. Kimball's personal liabilities.

A pretty good story is told of one of Governor Tilden's staff. It is said that when the individual referred to first presented himself *en militaire* to his wife and little daughter, the latter, after gazing at him in wonder for a few minutes, turned to her mother and exclaimed, "Why, ma, that's not a real soldier, it's pa!"

The St. John (N. B.) *Telegraph* urges on parties residing on the Gulf of St. Lawrence the advisability of engaging in oyster culture, and says that there is no doubt that in the admirable adaptability of the waters of the Gulf for the growth of the oyster, they have a source of wealth which at a future time must yield large returns. Some interesting experiments in oyster culture have been made by Senator Macfarlane in the Gulf waters with the highest promise of success.

In a Washington letter to Alex. McClure's now paper, the Philadelphia *Times*, the female correspondent, "Olivia," closes a graphic account of the last day of the session with the following reference to the ovation to Speaker Blaine, but winding up with a serious slap at the expiring Congress, to suit the columns of an independent journal:

A few seconds only remain. The heavy fall of the gavel is heard. Speaker Blaine rises to his feet and stands in his official position for the last time. The gorgeous panels behind his desk form the background of an historical picture. It represents a man above the average height, with a countenance strong and manly enough to typify the race of Cæsars. The pure oval face is finished in Greek outline. The sunshine lingers, but the early frost has brought out the first autumn tints, and completed that kind of work with the utmost perfection. Although speaking for the last time, he would seem to have gained a higher finish and a more exquisite grace. His voice clear, not a syllable is lost, but the flute-like harmony seems floating on a sea of tears. Indeed! the gavel has fallen. There is the scene which precedes the mighty storm, followed by an ovation of heartfelt and glorious that we forget that the sceptre of this only Idiotic Congress to which the Republic has given birth, has forever passed away.

CHEAP RAILROAD TRAINS.—Additional statistics in regard to the cheap trains on the Eastern Railroad have been prepared. In figuring the business down to March 1 in December, 1874, 20,170 passengers were carried, against 14,206 in December, 1873, 15,380 in January, 1875, against 15,300 in January, 1874; 14,340 in February, 1875, against 13,620 in February, 1874. These trains are self-supporting. It would require a monthly average of 14,751 passengers to pay running expenses, while the average in 1874 was 22,022. The average in January and February, 1874, was 14,810, showing that in these, the dullest months in the year, the trains have more than paid expenses. Women now patronize the trains in about the same proportion as on any other train, save those run in the middle of the day for shopping people.

A negro writes to the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* a colloquy about the Civil Rights bill.

As I was a negro myself, I knew something about the negro race. Some of us are so blind and so dead of sense, and such fools as to take our week's wages, give it to a hotel for dinner, and then go hungry for the balance of the week. You may tell your friends that all the negroes want is that seats in the courthouse, on the jury, and on the trains, and at all places of business. Give us the rights that you have granted us to have, and you can have your hotels and eat-rooms, so that you cannot eat and drink until you die. Please let the citizens of Augusta know that we have not all fools.

Susan B. Anthony, Chairwoman of the Executive Committee of the National Woman Suffrage Association, sends from her headquarters at Rochester, N. Y., her jubilee cheer for a convention in New York, May 1875. She says explicitly:

"The celebration of the nation's centennial with women unenfranchised will be the nation's disgrace." See continued.

"Fellow-citizens, do you not see the chasm before you? Do you not see the country's rush to destruction? What has the world gained for us? A mated Republic? No! Simply another phase of male despotism, not more freedom, but less. What is to be the final result? God alone knows! That this party which creates its discriminates between citizens has already led to the verge of another civil war. Mothers, wives and daughters, who in July sought to give to your sons Christ's work, to pray for impenitent souls—all of whom will have sons in the next Congress, there to make laws for those loyal women."

POLITICAL AND PERSONAL.

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, in view of the manner in which the appropriation bills were carried through the last Congress, thinks that "it ought to be made unconstitutional to pass any law of the nature of an omnibus appropriation bill, or a bill the objects of which are not precisely defined in its title."

The Ohio State Grange has disapproved the action of the National Grange recommending Congress to grant Government aid to the Texas Pacific Railroad, and asserting that this action on its part is in violation of the first section of the national declaration of principles, because, as tending to foster corruption and monopoly, upon which we had set our seal of condemnation.

There seems to have been something good in the Force bill, after all—it has made many Southerners comparatively contented with the Civil Rights law. The latter, says the Atlanta *Constitution*, is a mere bladder of nauseous vapor compared to the diabolical mischief that is carried in the infamous Force bill. The one is a child's soap bubble, the other a bomb-shell charged with nitro-glycerine.

Efforts to secure "Boss" Tweed's release on the ground that he has served all the time which he ought legally to have been sentenced having been rebuffed in the Supreme Court, will this week be argued in the Court of Appeals. His lawyers say that this is his last hope. If decision is against him there will be no chance of his escape from twelve years of servitude, except through pardon.

Collector Casey most emphatically denies the rumor that he intends to become a candidate for the United States Senate from Louisiana in the event of the defeat of Pinchback. The Conservatives from Louisiana are very confident that the arbitration in New York will result in a majority of seven in the Legislature on joint ballot. In such case Major Burke, one of the compromise committee, will be a candidate.

It is conceded on all sides that lobbyists found small comfort during the last session of Congress. Sam Ward expressed the situation in few words the day after the adjournment. Said one of his friends on the Ways and Means Committee to him: "Well, Uncle Sam, this has been a dry session for you!" To which Ward responded: "Dry, doesn't begin to express it. It was drier than the wooden guns in a Portsmouth fortress, which have been drying in that rare upper air for four thousand years."

Special Notices.

NOROMBEBA LODGE,

Regular session THIS (WEDNESDAY) EVENING, at 7:30 o'clock, at Pythian Hall.

All members are requested to be present.

B. H. H. BUTLER, A. O. of H. and S.

Wanted.

A young man of good habits to make himself generally useful in a grocery store. Must be correct in figures and write a plain hand. Address A. B. B., Bangor, Me. mch17 3t*

NOTICE.

The Pews in Hammond Street Church will be rented for the ensuing year, on Monday evening next, March 22d, at 7 o'clock. Doors open at 7.

For order of Committee,

A. L. HOBBS, Treas.

mar16

Lumbermen and River Drivers.

I am prepared to furnish Scull Oars, Bottom Oars, Pad Oars, Grant Dog Sticks, Ax Handles and Maple Poles and Sticks, at short notice. These articles are what of any kind better compare any stock in Bangor before purchasing. All orders promptly attended to.

EDMUND FREEMAN.

Oldtown, Me., Feb. 19. d&w3m

WE GUARANTEE

THE BEST

Pianos, Organs and Melodeons,

in the market at lower prices and on easier terms than can be bought of any other house.

Parties purchasing should have those *for sale before buying*, as it is too late to *carry our prices* on goods after purchasing.

PATTEN & WHEELDEN,

Main Street, Bangor, Maine.

Bangor, Feb. 11, 1875. d&w

WM. FRANKLIN SEAVEY,

ATTORNEY at LAW

—AND—

Solicitor of Patents,

Office S. W. H. cor. No. 27 Main Street, Bangor, Me.

Bangor, Oct. 26, 1872. m MPW

Bangor City Bonds,

For sale by

FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK,

BANGOR.

dec14

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE

Of H. T. PREBLE,

No. 2 SAWYER'S BLOCK, BANGOR, Maine.

jy26 tf

THE GREAT REPUTATION

Which VIGORINE has attained in all part of the country as a

Great and Good Medicine,

and the large number of testimonials which are constantly received from persons who have been cured by the use of VIGORINE, is convincing proof of its great value. It is compounded by physicians and is the safest, as it is the best Purifier and Healer yet discovered. It is

VIGORINE is specifically a remedy for the diseases resulting from a free drinking habit, such as Nervousness, Trembling, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sleeplessness, Costiveness, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Pain in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Weakness, Dizziness, Cold Feet, Cold Hands, Cold Sweats, Nervous Headache, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Tremblings, Nervous Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Nervous Wakefulness, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Hypochondria, Nervous Melancholy, Nervous Blushing, Nervous Timidity, Nervous Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Stammering, Nervous Stuttering, Nervous Sick Headache, Nervous Diarrhœa, Nervous Dysentery, Nervous Cramps, Nervous Spasms, Nervous Coldness, Nervous Dandruff, Nervous Weakness of the Limbs, Nervous Weakness of the Back, Nervous Weakness of the Spine, Nervous Weakness of the Stomach, Nervous Weakness of the Bladder, Nervous Weakness of the Urinary Organs, Nervous Weakness of the Sexual Organs, Nervous Weakness of the Generative Organs, Nervous Weakness of the Reproductive Organs, Nervous Weakness of the Nervous System, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Body, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Frame, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Man, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Animal, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Creature, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Thing, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Concern, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Affair, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Business, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Establishment, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Institution, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Shebang, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Caboodle, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Kit and Boodle, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Shooting Match, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Ten Yard Lot, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Ten Acre Lot, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Ten Thousand Acre Lot, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Ten Million Acre Lot, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Ten Million Dollars Worth of Property, Nervous Weakness of the Whole Ten Million Dollars Worth of Property Belonging to Nervous Weakness, Nervous Weakness, Nervous Weakness,

Whig and Courier.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1875

BY TELEGRAPH.

MAINE NEWS.

WAGNER AND GORDON.

The Hearing on the Petition for an Injunction to Restrain the Execution

ROCKLAND, March 16 The hearing on the petition for an injunction to restrain the execution of Wagner Gordon was resumed in the Court this evening a large number being present Judge Libby appeared for Wagner, D N Merrill, Esq for Gordon, and Geo C Yeaton, County Attorney for the State Gordon's case being first on the docket, Mr Yeaton said it should be first proceeded with but Mr Merrill said Gordon would abide the decision reached in Wagner's case, as they were similar

Judge Tapley's Argument

Judge Tapley then read the petition and proceeded with his argument which was an able presentation of the case and occupied two hours and a half Since Warren's case put into the record was not here he read it in full and showed that the first warrant dated October 23, 1875 was issued by Judge Libby on the 29th 1875 Judge Tapley claimed that by English statutes which were the common law of this country the 11th of Anne forbade a reprieve but that in every instance of execution for murder in Massachusetts it was the practice of such reprieve Various English authorities were cited to support this position Mr Tapley quoted from the 2d of George II and the 32d of George II the first law of Massachusetts relating to the subject of murder was in 1821 and provides simply the penalty of death After the passage of this law no proceeding for the execution of the record to the Supreme Court appeared and there was nothing about the mode, time or place of the execution in the law of 1837 and the statute of 1852 is the common law of the land the only authority on the subject

It was further claimed that there had been no repeal of the common law requiring the day of execution to be fixed in the sentence To this time the only mode in which the sentence of solitary imprisonment could be inflicted was by executing the execution not to be within a year There was nothing to justify a warrant issued without authority from the courts of record, and to the Executive Council Taking of the life of the citizen was intended to be a judicial act The Executive Council was not a court for the legislature does not and the Constitution was quoted to show the strict limitation of the powers of Government

Mr Merrill in the close of the execution was the intention of the Legislature in the Executive Council Legislature cannot confer it on the judiciary The Legislature had decreed that it should be carried into effect by the last preceding act passed by the Executive was also obsolete because the sentence of Wagner was not to be in the place of the execution was a part of the penalty and sentence was mandatory The point was also made that the Governor and Council represented the Crown they are the composed parties in the case and cannot issue a warrant that the Executive Council issued the warrant in question was illegal and void the warrant issued after courts had convicted and passed sentence was without authority The Executive Council is an advisory branch of the Government, and an unconstitutional

Objection was made to the mode of proceeding taken in this case which was ordered and Judge Tapley closed at 10 o'clock.

Mr Yeaton's Remarks

Mr Yeaton began his argument and spoke half an hour and could do no more.

He said that the country of Connecticut had made the Massachusetts prepared on the subject of hanging, He said the point was that the punishment was not to be executed within a year There was nothing to justify a warrant issued without authority to fix the time

HOME.

BY MARY B. BODGE.

"It is not wealth, be they humble or grand,
That the dearest of words in our tongue we can pour;
No more can it lessen or larger of land,
Can it be its dreams a thing so divine.
Home! sweetest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is its lord, its queen? Who its throne?

Nay—the lord in his palace, though smooth accents sweep,
To the recess of his vacant, lone own—all his own—
Thinks, sunshine his senses delightsomely steep,
Thy beautiful grace he may never have known.
Home! fairest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is its lord, its queen? Who its throne?

And the cotter who rests him on Saturday night,
When the sun shed its last ray on a glow from the fire,
When thrift all about him is smiling and bright—
Not always for him is there crowned his desire.
Home! fairest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is its lord, its queen? Who its throne?

And the banker and hall shall be equally blest
With a spot that will welcome, with welcome, that
And rather than any may each be confest,
Yet none that is home shall no sanctuary here
Home! sweetest of places beneath the broad sun,
Who is its lord, its queen? Who its throne?

They only have won those—they only have known
What is for them, affect express of pure bliss,
That dwell amid sweetness whose seed has been sown
In a region above, ere transplanted to this!
Home! fairest of places, though valid be the sun,
It is love and love only that gives it its throne.

Its glories of thy garden may fall away,
Through exile love's landmarks be mistily cast,
But the spirit of home is not mortal as they,
And it lives however as fly our longing to speak of.
Home! rest of the wanderer, under shadow or sun,
Wherever has won thee, forever has won!

—From the Philist.

MARGRET RYMER.

They had gone through the snow to evening service at North Crabb, the Squire, Mrs. Todbetley, and Ted, leaving me at home with one of my splitting headaches. Thomas had come in to ask if I would have the lamp, but I would rather be with cuddle. So there I sat alone, beside the fire, listening to Hannah putting the children to bed up stairs, and looking deeply out at the snowy landscape.

As the fire became dim, sending the room into gloom the light outside grew stronger. The moon was high, clear and bright as crystal, what with that, and the perfectly white snow that lay on everything, the night seemed nearly as light as day. The grass plot outside was a beautiful white plain, the clustering shrubs beyond it belonging to white phantoms.

The room grew darker, the landscape lighter. Asleep, in another minute I should inevitably have been, but for circumstances that suddenly arose. All in a moment—I saw not how or whence it came—a dark figure appeared on the grass plot, close before the bank of shrubs, right in front of me, the figure of a man, wrapped in a great coat. He was standing still and gazing quickly at the house (gazing as I seemed) though that was impossible) I saw. I was wide awake at once and sitting bolt upright in the chair.

Yes, there could be no mistake; and it was no delusion. The man was tall, man, strong and bony, with a mass of hair on his face. What could he want? Was a robber considering the premises, prowling and preparing to see (all in whether all the world was at church) before he broke in to rifle the house?

No, no, end of such an explanation, can manage how dark he looked, standing there. In one sense, he stood out more plainly than he could have done by daylight, because the contrast was greater. But this kind of light did not show his features, which was shrouded in obscurity.

Presently he moved. His head went half way, and that, and he took a step forward. Evidently he was trying to see whether the people where I sat was empty or occupied. Should I go out to him, or should I ring up the servants and call out to ask what he wanted? I was not frightened, don't let anybody think that, but the watching him brought to me rather a creepy kind of sensation.

As I left the chair quietly to open the window, I heard the catch of the garden gate, and somebody came whistling up the path. The man vanished as by magic. When I looked, he was gone.

Anybody at home? called out Tom Coney, as he stopped his whistling and opened the hall door.

"All right, Tom! Come along."

And to tell the truth, I was not sorry to see Tom's hearty face. He had saved me from a creepy sensation set with his mother.

"I say, Tom, did you see any fellow on the snow there?"

"On the snow where?" asked Tom.

"There close before the shrubs." And I held him what had happened. Tom, one of the most practical fellows living, with less imagination than an ostrich, received the account in real fashion.

"You drop off to sleep, Johnny, and fancied it."

"I did not drop asleep and I did not fancy it. When you came into the garden I was about to open the window and call to him."

"These headaches give you queer sights, sitting thinks Johnny. I have them, you know. One day I remember, she fell asleep with a headache and woke up and saw the sun was on fire."

"Tom I tell you, the man was there. A tall, strange-looking fellow with a beard. He was staring at us. I lost with all his energy—at this room in a second to me, wanting to cover it, I think, but afraid to. He kept close to the bushes, as if he did not wish to be seen, forgetting, perhaps, that they were bare and betrayed all. When you opened the gate he was there."

"It could then where he could have put himself" said Tom Coney, not giving an inch. "I tell you not a soul was there, man or woman when I came up the path."

"That is true he vanished in a moment. While I was looking at him he disappeared."

"Vanished! Disappeared! Your words sight to a ghost, Johnny."

"Ghost by hanged! It was some illdoing tramp, I suppose, trying to come and see if he might steal into the house."

"Much you know of the ways of tramps, Johnny Ludlow! Perhaps don't come showing themselves on a snow-lighted open lawn, in the face and eyes of the Rector of Timberdale. Tramps prefer to do their rounds in secret distractions as other obscure hedges and by-ways. It's a case of headache sheer, young man."

"Look here, Tom. If the man was there, his footprints will be there. If they were not, as you say, the show will be smooth and level, come out and see."

We went out at once. Tom catching up a stick in the hall, and crossed the lawn. Sure enough, there were the footprints, plenty of them, indented in the deep snow Tom gave in then.

"I wish to goodness I had seen him! The fellow should not have got off scot-free. I would tell him that. What tremendous feet he must have! Just look at the size Johnny. Regular Anshers!"

"Don't you go and say again that I was asleep! He must have stepped back and got away from these! Look! here are the marks! I say, Tom!"—dropping my voice to a whisper—"perhaps he's there now."

"We'll soon see that," said Tom Coney, plunging and the laurels with a crash, and beating about with the stick.

"But there was no trace of him, and we went in Tom venting round partly of his first opinion in spite of the footprints.

"If any man was there, Johnny, how did he get away? I don't see for my part what he could possibly want. A tiger would have gone to work in a different manner."

"Well let it go. I shall say nothing about it to them when they come home. Mrs. Todbetley's timid, you know; she'd fancy the man was out side still, and be lying awake all night, listening for the smashing in of the doors and windows."

Cracking the fire into a blaze, I called Thomas to light the lamp and shut the shutters. When told of the affair, bidding him not to mention it, he took a different view of it, altogether, and put it down to the score of one of the young maid-servants.

"They've got sweethearts, Master Johnny, the hussies have—lots of sweethearts. One or other of 'em is always sulking sheep-faced up to the house as though he didn't dare to call his legs his own."

Nothing more was said about the man; I and Tom Coney—who stayed to supper—held our tongues, as agreed upon. But I told Tod, in going up to bed. He was sleepy and did not think much of it. When related, it did not seem to be much. They had not seen it.

Timberdale Rectory was a cozy old-fashioned house, its front walls covered with ivy, standing by itself amid pasture land, a field's length from the church. Mrs. Todbetley sent me there on the Monday morning to invite the Rector, Herbert Tauerton, and his wife, to dine with us the next evening off a brim cod-fish, from London. The Squire and Tod had gone out shooting.

It was January weather; cold and bright, with a frosty sky. Icicles dropped from the trees, and the snow in Crabb Lane was above my ankles. The master had said, "I should go the roadway, Johnny," but I did not mind the snow.

In Timberdale I met Margaret Rymer. She had her black cloak and bonnet on, and the gentle and refined face, with its mild brown eyes, put me more than ever in mind of her dead father.

I dare say nobody remembers her. But I told something about her and her people's long while ago. Thomas Rymer, a gentleman-born, but who was kept down by circumstances and never got on to pass for a surgeon, had kept the drugg'st shop at Timberdale. His wife was just as well bar as he was refined, and they had two children; Benjamin, who was followed with his mother in looks, and turned out not over well, and Margaret, who was like her father. When Thomas Rymer died, partly of cold on the chest, partly of a broken heart, Margaret continued to keep the business going. She understood the drugs thoroughly. During the ten months or so, that had elapsed since, the son had not made his appearance at home. Timberdale would say, "Why does not Benjamin come back to carry on the business in his father's place?" but got no satisfactory answer. Latterly, Timberdale had let Benjamin alone, and busied itself with Margaret.

Some six months ago, the Reverend Isaac Sale had come to Timberdale as curate. He was an abrupt, dark little man of sterling worth, and some thirty years of age—older than the Rector. Margaret Rymer met him at the sunday-school where she taught regularly, and he fell desperately in love with her—if it's not wrong to say that of a parson. In opposition she was not his equal; but Mr. Sale made no secret that he wanted Margaret to be his wife. Mrs Rymer opposed it, how was the business to be kept going without Margaret, she demanded, or herself either? Mr. Sale had taken the curacy as only a temporary thing. He was waiting for some expected appointment abroad. When it fell, Margaret Rymer would have to choose between selling with him as his wife, or staying at home and giving him up for good, so said Timberdale.

After standing to talk a bit with Margaret who was out, she said, on a errand for her mother, I ran on to the rectory. Mr. Tauerton and his wife were in the long life low windowed front room. He, small and colorless, young, yet with cold gray eyes and thin light whiskers, sat by the blazing fire of wood and coal, that went roaring and sparkling up the chimney. Somehow Herbert Tauerton gave you the idea of being always a cold chill. Intending to be kind in the main, he was yet severe, taking to much note of offences, and expecting all in the world, and especially his own flock, to be better than gold.

Grace, his wife, kind, genial and open-hearted, sat at the window, stitching a waistband for some one or other (their brother Ned's shirts—he was as particular over them as he was over the parish—and glancing cheerfully out between stitches at the snowy landscape. She was a capable woman, rather tall and slender, with bright, dark hazel eyes, and a wide mouth that seemed always to be smiling to show the pretty white teeth. Seeing me coming, she ran to open the parsonage door. They had no children.

"Come in, Johnny! It is not a lovely day? Herbert thinks it the coldest morning we have had. But he has been put out a little."

"What about?" I asked, as the Rector turned in his chair to shake hands with me.

"Mr Sale is going to leave," said she, as I set down by the table. "The appointment he expected has been offered to him; it is a chaplaincy at the Bahama Islands. Mr. Sale has known of it for a week, and never told Herbert until yesterday."

He spoke to me in the vestry, of course, you know," said the Rector, hotly. "And he said at the same time that he was not sure he should accept it; it did not quite depend upon himself. I can see clearly what he meant to imply, as though he had avowed it, it depends upon that girl, Margaret Rymer. It is a preposterous thing. The idea of a clergyman and a gentleman wanting to marry her! She keeps a chemist's shop!"

"It was her father who kept it," I said, for I liked Margaret, and did not care to hear her disparaged. "And he was a gentleman by birth."

"What has that to do with it? retorted the parson, who was in one of his testy humors. "Had her grandfather been a duke, it would make no difference to what I say. I look at the mother!"

"Margaret is a lady in mind and looks and manners," I persisted. "If I loved Margaret Rymer I would marry her, though I were an Archdeacon."

"That's just like you Johnny Ludlow—you have no more sense than a child, in such things," cried the parson, crustily. Grace laughed, and looked as if she would like to take part with me.

"I never could have suspected Sale of such folly," went on the Rector, leaning sideways to warm his hands over the blaze. "Grace do you think that soup's ready?"

"I will see," answered Grace, putting the waistband down.

Herbert Tauerton sat his cleanly knitting brows into lines. I took the chair on the other side the fireplace opposite to him thinking of the man, and lingering the topic to keep me. At least I was often sociable for at home, that of lingering talks.

"Look here, Mr. Tauerton; if they settle at the Bahamas, it will not signify three sols Margaret's been here. Whether she may have relied in her father's business, or whether she may have been—as you said—a duke's granddaughter, and brought up accordingly, it will be all one to the Bahamas. Mr. Sale need not say to the Bahamas." My wife used to sell penny worth of rhubarb, and magnesia."

"It is not that," crossly responded the Rector—"What people will think or say; it is for Sale's own sake that I object. He cannot like the connection. A clergyman should marry in his own sphere."

"I suppose men are differently constituted, clergymen as well as others," said I with precision, remembering that I was in my sphere. Grace laughed, and he was the open lawn, in the face and eyes of the Rector of Timberdale. "Sorry I've been front window. They like them, does it, or obscure hedges and by-ways. It's a case of headache sheer, young man."

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